

ADDITIONS
TO THE
POETICAL
FRAGMENTS,
OF
Rich. Baxter,

Written for himself, and Communicated
to such as are more for serious Verse than
smooth.

LONDON,

Printed for *B. Simmons* at the *Three Golden Cocks* at the *West-end of St. Pauls*, 1683.

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Sin could not change Necessity, nor that

Disorder which God first above us teach;

But the Free Lord Free Agents also made;

And there by Sin first Will made the breach.

A Supplement

This breach to Man was first made by Sin,

For God before had order'd Nature so; (first)

That Poison would not bite, & Wounds cause

And Sin to sinners Miserie and Woe.

POETICAL

Wisdom resolves this foul breach to repair;

And makes advantage of Mans Sin and

FRAGMENTS

Hurt is soon done: the Wound was quickly made.

The Cure must be performed by degrees:

A saviours Grace must exercised be;

Wisdom with Love the Work degrees.

Gods perfect Power did this great World Create;

Gods perfect Wisdom all in Order Plac'd;

Gods perfect Goodness made all very Good;

But Sin Gods Image on Mans Soul defac'd.

Power caus'd Necessity, and Wisdom Order;

And both by Goodness caus'd Harmony.

All in one perfect Frame Gods Glory shew;

Praise him and please him with pure Melody.

Sin could not change *Necessity*, nor that
Disorder which God fixt above Mans reach;
 But the Free Lord Free Agents also made,
 And there by Sin *Free-Will* did make the breach.

This Breach to Man was *iniminent* it self,
 For God before had order'd Nature so, (smart;
 That Poyson would cause Pain, & Wounds cause
 And Sin to Sinners Misery and Woe.

Goodness is Love delighting to do good,
Wisdom resolves this fowl breach to repair,
 And make advantage of Mans Sin and Woe,
Justice and *Mercy* largely to declare.

Hurt is soon done: the Wound was quickly made,
 The Cure must be performed by degrees:
 A Saviours Grace must exercised be,
Wisdom with Love to do the Work decrees.

Mans Soul incorruptible Substance is
 Essential Life, not made it self to die.
 Its final State then like it self will be,
 Durable Happyness or Misery.

But it is plac'd in Corruptible Flesh
 And the Compound'd Frame that's called Man,
 Must be dissolv'd; for Sin hath caus'd death;
 And Flesh must turn to Earth, whence it began.

But

But He who Mans Salvation undertook
Is perfect Primitive *Life, Light and Love*;
And will give Compound Life again to Man,
In joyful Glory with Himself above.

But as in Nature God great difference made,
Stones are not Men; all have their proper place;
Men are not Stars, and Stars are not the Sun,
So he will make great difference in Grace.

Man is not helpless left to near despair,
Life is again made possible to all,
The former terrors of Innocence now cease,
Mercies all Sinners to Repentance call.

A Law of saving Grace is newly made,
All that accept it and consent shall live;
Trust but a Saviour for that blessed Life,
And he will freely Grace and Glory give.

But yet Mans Life on Earth a Warfar is,
Gods Grace and Satans Malice daily Fight;
And all that will be Sav'd must overcome;
Sin's vanquished by Grace, Darkness by Light.

Each part their Captain have, & they their bands,
Not made by Force, but Doctrine and Consent;
Each Man as Rational and Free Commands,
One draws to Sin, the other to Repent.

Sin hath its Punishment, the worst within;
When for neglect of Grace, God it suspends;
But the correction of the Flesh for Sin;
Furtheres Repentance, and the Soule amends.

Thus all on Earth have some degrees of Grace,
Which Reason tells us, they should not abuse;
Which bringeth some so far to *Adam's* case;
They stand or fall as they these Mercies use.

But God will not his Grace at randome give,
And leave the event to uncertainty;
But hath his Chosen, who shall surely live,
In whom his saving Grace shall never die.

The two first Brothers did this War begin;
He killed and conquer'd who was first by birth;
He that seem'd Conquer'd, Triumphed by death;
The Victor's a curst Vagabond on Earth.

This War continu'd is unto this day;
Between the Holy and the Serpents seed;
These Brothers the prognostick Instance were;
Of all that ever after should succeed.

But the worst War is inward; Grace and Sin,
The controversie daily there debate;
That which the Final Victory doth win,
Determineth Mans everlasting state.

A Law of Grace thus made to all Mankind,
 In *Adam* and *Noe* common roots of all,
 Ill entertainment with fall'n Man did find,
 Who mostly to Idolatry did fall.

The strength of Sin is Love to Flesh and World,
 And averſe ſtrangeneſs to a better life.
 It ſtronger grew by cuſtome, and abhor'd
 All motions tending to the Souls relief.

But Gods Electing Grace ſhall not be void,
 In *Abel*, *Henoch*, *Noe* he this declar'd,
 But ſpecially in *Abraham* whoſe great Faith,
 He with a ſpecial Promiſe did reward.

Not calling back the common Law of Grace,
 He choſe his Seed as a peculiar Nation,
 Gave them a proper Law, and of them rais'd
 The Lord Incarnate, Author of Salvation.

Yet was their Dignity moſt Typical,
 As was their Law, to ſhew what God would doe.
 When he the Nations unto Chriſt would call,
 And build his Church as Catholick anew.

Sin ſoon prevail'd; their Land was dry and ſmall;
 Seldome from under Enemies and Waſt;
 But they Gods Oracles preserv'd for us,
 And from their Vine we all Salvation taſt.

But as in Nature God works by degrees,
 From Seed to Infancy, from thence to Youth;
 From thence to Manhood and Maturity;
 So did he in revealing Grace and Truth.

Faln Man his Infancy and Childhood had,
 In the old Laws, dark Types and Prophecies:
 But in times fulness, God Incarnate came,
 The Sun of Righteousness to Man did rise.

Three Laws he did fulfil, one as a Man,
 Once made for all; Another as a Jew:
 The third as Saviour proper to himself;
 Then for his Church, he made another new.

He Preacht Gods Will; Proclamed saving Grace,
 Brought to light Life and Immortality;
 Declar'd Gods Love; shew'd Man Gods pleased
 A Sacrifice for sinful Man did die. (Face,

He came to conquer Satan, destroy Sin,
 And heal sick Souls of Worldly Fleishly Love,
 To raise the Earthly Mind of Man to God,
 And bring him to a better Life above.

Words were too weak for this, his works must do it
 He was to teach Man how to bear the Cross,
 To deny Life and live above this World,
 For Heav'n to count all here as Dung and Loss.
 Wonder

Wonder of Wonders? God appears in Flesh,
Preacheth to Sinners, calls them home to God,
Dies for them as a Sinner on a Cross
Till the Third day among the Dead Abode.

Himself the greatest Wonder, many wrought,
Heal'd all diseases, gave the blind their Sight,
Raised the Dead; by present bare Command,
Long, before many, in the open Light.

The Third day rose from Death, stay'd Forty days,
Describes his Laws, Church-Covenant and Seals;
Commissions his Apostles; promisseth
His Spirit which all saying truth Reveals.

Ascendeth up to Heaven before their Eyes,
And before Multitudes at Pentecost,
Gives them the gift of Miracles and Tongues,
By giving them the promis'd Holy Ghost.

They Preach Christ to the World, speak various
Work Miracles, Heal Sicknes, Raise the Dead;
Convey this Power and Spirit into others,
Thus through the World, the word of Life they
(Spread.

These many Wonders, not in Corners wrought,
Converted Thousands, Conquer'd unbelief,
But above all, his great Convincing Works,
The Spirits Sanctifying Grace was Chief.

The erring know the Truth; Fools are made Wise,
 The Proud made humble, Wrathful ones made
 The worlds fond lovers now do it despite, (Heek,
 Kill fleshly Lusts, and Heavenly Glory seek..

Sin is a hated thing, God now is all
 Love makes all Common, for it makes all One,
 Zeal for good Works, Patience in bearing wrong,
 Were the true Marks by which Christs flock was
 (known)
 Had not Christ added this convincing Seal,
 Tongues, Miracles and Sanctifying Grace,
 The Wonder of Redemption is so great,
 That Faith to unbelief must needs give place.

Apóstles Mortal were: before they Die,
 For future Ages they Christs sacred word,
 His Deeds, Laws, Doctrine by the promised Spirit,
 To guide the Church, infallibly record.

As Moses gave the Jews the only Law, (Teach,
 Which following Priests and Prophets were to
 So the Holy Ghost by the Apóstles wrote,
 The word which after Ages were to Preach.

As Moses Law was Seal'd with Miracles,
 When such the following Ages did not need,
 So Christs Apóstles did by Wonders Seal
 Those Records which the after Ages read.

The Spirit promised to the Apostles was,
 To lead them to all needful saving Truths,
 And bring Christs words to their remembrance,
 What they by his Commission did, Christ doth.

Their Writings are the Holy Ghosts own Book,
 Though human Imperfection do appear,
 In Modes and Phrases, it's no just offence,
 But leaves the Truth, and life still sure and clear.

Words but the Vehicle of matter be,
 Gods Spirit owns not the Translators words;
 But if as signs, they with his Words agree,
 The Sense and Matter of them is the Lords.

This Spirit helps the Church, but not to bring
 Another Gospel, Law or Word from Heaven,
 Nor mend or change Gods Laws in word or sense.
 But to preach and obey the word once given.

To bring new Laws or Messages from God,
 A Prophets Office is, and not a Priests;
 To forge fables, or make Laws for all the Church,
 The Authors prove false Prophets, or false Christs.

Christian Religion is one establish'd thing,
 Which all the Church from first to last may know,
 It is not human, changeable or new,
 Nor doth by Mens decrees increase and grow.

If Canons no part of Religion be,
 But Laws for Rites and things indifferent,
 Why must all Christians needs in these agree,
 Or not agreeing by Church Wars be rent,

The Church hath all one Head, one perfect Law;
 All justified be by Christs Blood and Merit;
 All that are true, though weak, Christ doth receive,
 For all are Sanctified by one Spirit.

The Holy Ghost in all true Christians dwells,
 He doth illuminate, and make them New;
 This is Christs Agent, and his Body formes;
 His Witness proving that his Word is true.

This Spirit did the Gospel first Indite,
 And on it did Gods Image first Ingrave,
 And then by it, as his great Instrument:
 That Image Prints on all that he will save.

Though it be long of their resisting Will,
 That any of this Grace deprived be;
 Yet Scripture and Experience, clearly tell,
 That differencing, electing Grace is free.

In Children it appears, when God doth choose,
 He gives a teachable and willing Mind;
 Good Dispositions, and Capacity,
 By Grace their Nature is to good inclin'd.
 Grace

Grace chooseth Parents careful of their Souls,
 Helps them to educate them in Gods fear;
 To commend Virtue, and disgrace all Vice,
 Teach them Gods word, & causeth them to hear.

Gods Seed in such, is often early Sowl,
 And as they grow it springs up by degrees;
 As Plants, and Fruits, by Sun & Moisture grow'd,
 Whose present growth and motion no Man sees.

The first beginnings of the Spirits work,
 Is in a learning Mind, and fear of Sin;
 A love and liking of good things and Men,
 'Gainst Sins for Duty, Conscience strives within.

Grace watcheth over them, providesthem helps,
 Meet Teachers, Books, Examples, Company;
 Keeps off temptations, causeth them to hate
 Lying, bad Words and Deeds, and Ribaldry.

Bad Childrens Hearts, are quite averst to good,
 They love not Virtue, relish not Gods Law;
 Tempting Discourse, Examples, Vanities,
 Catch on their Hearts, as Fire doth on Straw.

If early helps, Parents and Teachers fail,
 And Sin the childish Mind and Life pervert;
 If Folly, Flesh, and tempting Baits prevail,
 Yet God his chosen will in time convert.

Hee 1

Hee'l either give them better Company,
 Or better helps, and Teachers whom hee'l Bless;
 Or bring some useful Book unto their Eye,
 And make their Snares, & their Temptations less.

Or hee'l some sharp Affliction on them lay,
 Which may awake the hardened sleepey Heart;
 Or Conscience shall some quickning motion feel,
 Tell them their Sins, their Danger, and Desert.

O! How the Case with Sinners now is chang'd,
 Things all appear now in another Shape;
 Sin now is Madness; Mad he calls himself,
 For loving Death, and thinks now how to Scape.

Now God is Holy, Just, his Word is True,
 He is in earnest, though Sinners be in jest;
 The Face of all his Works and Ways seem New,
 Those things seem worst, which formerly seem'd

(best
 The common Texts and Truths he daily heard,
 Do now begin to have some Life and Sence:
 He wonders how he past them by before,
 As if they had been of no Consequence.

(his heart
 That wounds, & thames, and grieves, and breaks
 Which formerly was his Delight and Pleasure,
 Thats Vanity, and mortal Poyson now;
 For which he hungred as his Food and Treasure.

Now

Now the Mad Prodigal comes to himself,
 Perhaps the World doth him its Husks deny,
 Why, saith he, did I leave a Fathers House?
 There none do want; here I must starve and die.

O that I had not tasted Satans Bait,
 Nor Pampred Flesh, and pleas'd vain Appetite,
 Neglected Grace, and things of greatest Weight,
 Nor medled with Sins poysonous Delight.

But the time lost can never be recal'd,
 The works of Madnes cannot be undone;
 I have undone my self; is there no help?
 I know all else is Vain: there is but one.

A Fathers Love affordeth me some hope;
 The World gives none: I must return or die;
 I'll go, and humbly, all my Sin confesse,
 And cast my self upon his Clemency.

But God is Just and Holy: how can I,
 Defil'd with Sin and Guilt, stand in his sight?
 Now the sick Soul a sure Phyficion needs,
 There is one Saviour, who is Gods Delight.

He is the *Way*, by whom Men come to God;
 He is the *Truth*, to save the World from Error;
 He is the *Life*, to save from endless Death,
 Self-Murdering Souls, subject to Hellish Terror.
 And

And now the Gospel's better understood ;
 Redemption seemeth not a needless thing ;
 His Thoughts are precious, of Christs precious
 His Mediator, Prophet, Priest, & King. (Blood,

The Gospel now is Tydings of great Joy ,
 Pardon of Sin, Adoption, Peace with God,
 Freedom from Terrour, Satan, Sin, and Hell,
 Mans self-made, and Gods just Revenging Rod.

He sees why Love in Mans repair, must be
 As much Admir'd, as Power in our Creation,
 Sinners cannot immediatly God see,
 But by a Mediator have Salvation.

Now all things else seem loss and dung for Christ;
 Wisdom is folly where Christ is left out;
 To know him is the true Philosophy;
 The rest doth teach Men but to prate and doubt.

Some glimps of God and Heav'n, blurd Nature
 But its but as a Candle to this Sun ; (yields,
 Others towards God and Heav'n, may grope and
 Christians with joyful hope, believe & run. (creep,

But will Christ to such Sinners Saviour be,
 Who long and wilfully contemn'd his Grace?
 Yes, if they have but hearts to him to come ;
 He excepts none : Hee'll all their Sins deface.

The Prodigal now hopefully resolves,
 In Christ I'll trust, and to my Father go.
 When there's but one way, who should stand &
 The Vanity of all things else I know. (doubt

If in his House I may the lowest be, (claim;
 His wondrous Grace, I will with thanks pro-
 My Sin and Misery I will confess,
 And in Repentance take deserved Shame.

And when repenting Souls are thus resolv'd,
 And with design do towards their Father come,
 They are surpriz'd with unexpected love,
 Grace feasts, forgiv's them, bids them welcom
 (home.

Now the returned Soul doth dwell with God,
 And God in him; for there his Spirit dwells,
 God hath his highest Love, Heaven his chief hope,
 Christ is his Life; he trusteth to none else.

O how much better, is it with him now
 How wise, how safe, to what he was before,
 What hee's yet short of, Faith hath in its view;
 Hee'l choose the way of Sin and Hell no more.

Now farewell mortal Sin, stoop brutish Flesh,
 Now Pride & Lust come down, submit to Faith;
 Farewel ensharing Sports and Company,
 Farewel Deceit, I'll hear what Scripture saith.

Now

Now all is New, new Judgments, Love and Life,
 New Hopes, Delights, a new intended End,
 The means then must be new, or better used,
 New friends, new thoughts, & all that to it tend.

But yet, though out of Egypt he be come,
 Through the Red Sea, he's in a Wilderness;
 Faith must be try'd by many Enemies,
 Hard Journeys, Wants, delayed Hopes, Distress.

And Plein still strives, Satan still buſie is,
 The World will tempt, Sin's not quite overcome,
 Dark Fears and Unbelief do yet hang on,
 We are in hope, but are not yet at home.

But yet we have the leading Fire and Cloud,
 The Law, the Angels presence as we paſs,
 Moſes, ſell in the Wilderneſs; but there
 The Tempter by our Saviour vanquiſht was.

The Law was weak, and nothing perfect made,
 Grace giveth light, and life, & love, and ſtrength;
 And though it long, and oft aſſaulted be,
 It Conquereth, and Triumpheth at length.

It is the work of God, who knows his own,
 And makes them Chriſts beloved intereſt;
 All that are given him, he loves and keeps,
 And brings them to the promis'd Land of Reſt.

Grace

Grace suited is, to every Time and State,
 To Childhood, Manhood, and decrepid Age;
 An Antidote against contagious Pleasures,
 Yet grief, wrath, fear, and suffering doth allwage.

It useth every State for the true end,
 It sanctifies Prosperity and VVealth;
 Still doing good, and doth to Godward tend,
 To him devoteth time, life, wit, and health.

It useth Friends and Enemies for God,
 Improveth kindness, easily bears wrong;
 Loves others as our selves, doth Right to all,
 Hopes for a blessed end, when sufferings long.

It takes not too much part with pained Flesh,
 It ruleth Reason, Appetite, and Sense;
 Conquers Temptation, keepeth inward Peace,
 Keeps neer to God, who is our sure Defence.

It all the way foresees the blessed end,
 Motives to Duty, Comfort in all Grief,
 It fetcheth more from God & Heav'n, than Earth,
 In every Case from Christ it finds Relief.

It spendeth Health and Life in Preparation,
 For foreseen Death, and the Souls final change,
 Its not surprized without expectation;
 It trusteth Christ, when things unseen seem strange.

All this Grace doth, in various degrees,
In most but weak, Imperfect in the best;
Clog'd here with Flesh, and contradicting Sin,
But ends in Glory and Eternal Rest.

Its whole work is to bring Mans VWill to God,
As our Original, our Guld and End,
Thankfully take his Grace, obey his Word,
And wholly love him as our chiefest Friend.

And more than so, to love him for himself,
The final Object of Created Love;
This only perfect ones, perfectly do,
VWho see Gods Glory in the world above. *Amen.*

Jan. 6. 1682.

II. Wif.

II. *Wisdom.*

HE that by Faith sees not the World of Spirits,
Which Christ with his blest Family Inherits,
The Sense of Providence can never know,
Nor Judge aright of any thing below.

Things seem confused and neglected here,
Because in broken parcels they appear;
Who knows a Work in *Arms* by one Piece,
Small parcels shew not Workmens Artifice?
The Beauty of a Picture is not known,
When one small part, or Limb alone is shewn;
They that on some few Letters only look,
Can never know the meaning of Gods Book.
Who knows a stately Building by one Post,
Is but short scraps that one Age sees at most;

Heav'n seeth all, and therefore knows the Sense,
Of the whole beauteous frame of Providence.

His Judgment of Gods Kingdom needs must fail,
Who knows no more of it than this dark Goal:
 If Heaven and Hell were open to mens sight,
 Most Men of present things would judge aright.

Who would be griev'd at prosperous sinners reign
 Who did foresee their everlasting pain?
 Who would grudge pride & rage, so short a pow'r,
 Who did foresee its fall, and dismal hour.
 Who'd grudge Gods Patience to the greatest crime,
 Which will scape Vengeance for so short a time:
 Who'd grudge at any wrong or suffering here,
 Who saw the World of happiness so near.

If that *one Sun* a Thousand Fold excel,
 This Earth in bigness, where we Sinners dwell;
 (And what's one Sun to all the Heav'n beside?)
 Is not Gods Kingdom Glorious and wide?
 Who then dare say, Gods work is not well done,
 Because an Ant-hill is not made a Sun:
 Or because Sin and devillish Rage do dwell,
 In this vile Prison, which is next to Hell.
 Who'd measure Gods great Kingdom, or his Love,
 By us poor Prisoners who in Fetters move:

God placed Man in Earthly Paradise,
 Heav'n's outward Court, the way to highest bliss
 And Man himself doing what God forbade,
 His House a *Bedlam* and a *Bridewel* made;

Man turn'd it by his sinful base defection,
 Into Gods Prison and House of Correction:
 Gods wondrous Mercies, which do never fail,
 Fetch many Sons to Heav'n out of this Goal:

If the rest finally neglect Gods Grace,
 And choose no better than this sinful place.

The Dream of Pleasure which will end in shame,
 They had their choice, and whom else can they
 (blame;

Who'd censure God for one poor *Bedlams* sake,
 But such as of his Madness do partake.

And though he rage, and sober Men disdains,
 Who loves his Case, or longeth for his Chains?

Who envy wicked Men, their hurting Power,
 Who do believe their sad approaching hour?

VWho the Toads hurtful Venom envieth,
 VWho'd have the Basalisks pernicious Breath?

VWho longs to be a Serpent for the Sting?
 Its worse to be a Great, but hurtful King.

Christians by Patience win a better Crown,
 Than all the Bloody Conquerors Renown.

True Christian Kings, who Rule in Peace & Love,
 A better Kingdom have with Christ above.

Our King may with more peace and safety Rule,
 Than the great *Turk*, *Tartarian*, or *Mogul*:

No King so Mighty as the Devil is,
 Nor hath Dominions so large as his.

Yet would no wise Man such a Devil be,
 That he might be as powerful as he ;
 If any would be such, his own desire,
 Makes him a Devil fited for Hell Fire.
 Madnes cal'd Wisdom is, and Rules in chief,
 With all that cannot see beyond this Life :
 To them that see not beyond Flesh and Blood,
 And tast no better than these Senses Food ;
 That know not the true everlasting good,
 Nothing on Earth is rightly understood.

The Heavenly Light must open Sinners Eyes,
 Before they ever will be truly Wise :
 One real prospect of the Life to come,
 A true belief whither Mens Souls are gone,
 Would more felicitating Wisdom give,
 Than foolish sensual Men will now believe.

Call not that Wisdom which will end in shame,
 VVhich undoes him who by it wins the Game :
 A Wit that can decieve himself and others,
 VVit to destroy his own Soul, and his Brothers :
 VVit that can prove that Sins a harmless thing,
 That Sin's no Sin, or no great hurt will bring ;
 That with the Serpent can give God the Lie,
 And say, believe not God ; you shall not die.
 VVit that can prove that God speaks but in jest,
 That present Fleahly Pleasue is Mans best :

VVit that can prove Gods *Wisdom* is deceiv'd,
 And sacred Scriptures should not be receiv'd;
 VVit to confute Gods *Word*, reject his Grace,
 Lose time, Sin boldly, poss toward Hell apace.
 Defend the Devils Cause, his own Damnation,
 Slight God, neglect a Saviour and Salvation.
 Call not that *Wisdom*, which Men would disown,
 And wish at last that they had never known,
 To go with honour, ease, and sport to Hell,
 And there with shame & late repentance dwell.
 Truth is for Goodness, *Wisdom's* Use, and End,
 To which true Learning, and just Studies tend;
 Is, that *this* may be thoroughly understood,
 To be Good, do Good, and get endless Good,
 False *Wit* employ'd in hurting other Men,
 VWrites its own Death in Blood, with its own Pen:
 It forceth many to their self-defence,
 VWho fain would live in quiet Innocence.

Kites, Foxes, *Wolves*, have wit to catch their prey,
 Yet harmless Sheep, live quieter than they.
 Men keep their Flocks that they may multiply,
 So that but few by *Wolves* and Lyons die;
 But hurtful ravenous Beasts, all men pursue,
 While all destroy them, there remains but few.

(it
 Some slight Gods *Word*, because weak Men abuse
 VWhat's Law or Reason then, when all misuse it.

Men will not despise God, nor sin, nor die,
 But they will give a learned Reason why;
 What is so false, which Wit cannot defend;
 And that by Volumes confidently pen'd;
 Reason can justifie the greatest wrong;
 The basest lie can hire a Learned Tongue.
 What Cause so vile, that cannot Wit Suborn,
 Men will not without Reason be forsworn;
 Reason can make Rogues of the best of Men,
 And make a Church of Saints a Serpents Den;
 Can make usurping Lucifer a Saint,
 And Holy Martyrs, like to Devils paint.
 Even Reverend Wit, can by transforming Skill,
 Make Hereticks, and Schismatics at will;
 It can prove white is black, and black is white,
 That night is day, and grossest darkness Light.
 Say what you will, Reason can prove it true,
 What is't that drunken Reason cannot do?
 How rare is that blest place, that Age or Season,
 Which may not own this Character of Reason,
 And must we therefore brutishness prefer,
 Because well used Reason is so rare.
 But when the Drunken frenzie fit is gone,
 And Devils their deceiving work have done;
 VVhen Death, the dreaming Sinner doth awake,
 O what a dreadful change doth God then make?
 Then wise Men only are the pure and just,
 VVho Christ, who God obey, and in him trust.

III. *Madness.*

Lord is not Man, though lodg'd in Flesh and
A noble Vital, intellectual Spirit? (Blood,
Thou maid'st him in thine Image, wife and good,
Earths Paradise, Heav'ns Suburbs to inherit.

How comes a Reasonable human Soul,
Transform'd by such a Monstrous ugly change?
Into a Bruitish, Raging, Wicked Fool,
To God, himself and wisdom, blind and strange.

Thou gav'st him sight, who hath put out his Eyes,
Thou gav'st him knowledg, who hath made him
Ev'n Satan, promising to make him wise, (mad?
Thou mad'st him holy, Sin hath made him bad,

Did not endeavours, blessed by thy Grace,
Restore some Holy Wisdom in thine own;
The Souls which Sin and Satan did deface,
Would not from Bruits & Devils well be known.

Its strange in Man, how these two twisted be,
To be a Bruit, and a Malignant Devil?

Folly and wickedness too well agree,
A fool to goodness, is wise to do evil.

Children do quickly learn to serve the Flesh,
Their Pride, their Appetite, and their Self-will,
Eager for every thing that these can wish,
But little knowing what is good or ill.

Their Sense and Fancie do so strongly Rage,
That Teachers speak in vain, Flesh will not hear;
Bruitishness gets advantage by their Age,
Till Grace comes in, and opens heart and eare.

Depraved Nature, made by custom worse,
Makes Reason now a fetter'd slave to Sense;
Increased Sin becomes a double Curse,
Fights against God, and is its own Defence.

As Flesh grows up, so Sense and Fancie grow.
Lust and vain Pleasure now do Tyranize;
What crosseth these they hate, & would not know,
And raging Flesh abhorreth to be wise.

Yet wise in wickedness, they needs will seem,
They can confute their Teachers with a breath;
All that reproves them they as error deem,
And become Advocates for Sin and Death.

And

And now the same who Infant-Christians were,
 And did renounce the Flesh, the World, & Devil;
 Flesh, World, and Devils, serious Servants are,
 And Christ blaspheme as Patron of their Evil.

Now *God* and *Conscience*, seem their greatest foes,
God as above them doth controule their lust :
 He that pleads *Conscience*, for an Enemy goes,
 And all that's done against him goes for just.

God's call'd to Sinners Bar, and there condemn'd,
 As heading Rebels that do him obey :
 Before those fools, his Laws are all contemn'd,
 Christ must be taught to think and say as they.

And being once engag'd in Satans war,
 His daring Souldiers, they are quickly made ;
 But little wit and labour needful are,
 To learn the Lying, Hating, Hurting Trade.

Now valiant *Bedlam*, drunken, devillish wit,
 Conquers resistance, Triumphs over all :
 Fights against all that help not, or submit,
 To bring Church, Kingdoms, Souls, to Satans thral.

O what a busie Trade mad worldlings drive,
 They talk, they ride, they run, contend & fight ;
 With craft they plot, with fraud and force they
 For fleshly Lust, and poysonous Delight. (strive,

As

As the fleet Swallows glides to catch a Flie;
 And roylsom Ants, do gather Sticks and Straw:
 At dearer rates Men purchase Vanity,
 For Satan, Lust, and Madnes, make their Law.

May they but a sick Mortal Lust fulfil,
 Get Money, Houses, Land, and large Revenews,
 Look big, and make ail stoop to their proud will;
 Feast, drink, and play, and keep a great Retinue.

This is the dreaming happiness of Fools,
 Life spent for this, and Heav'n for this is lost ;
 And this is all for which they sell their Souls,
 A fools cap purchas'd at the dearest cost.

All this is done in the known way to Death,
 They have not the least hope, but die they must:
 They are not sure to fetch another breath, (dust.
 They know their pamper'd Flesh will soon be

Their pomp & wealth for which they God forsake,
 Yea, though their Streets with Silver they could
 All the vexations, strife, & stir they make, (pave;
 They know is but in passing to the Grave.

Were they but following anothers Course,
 Such going towards a Grave would be a shame;
 But when its towards their own, it is far worse,
 A Madnes which doth want a proper name.

Sheep

Sheep know not when Death's neer, yet live in
 Birds feed & sing in peace, together got, (peace
 Man always knows his Life will shortly cease,
 Yet madly lives as if he knew it not.

But when Death comes they are surpriz'd with
 As if till then they knew not they must die, (fear,
 Departing wealth and life, their hearts then tear,
 O how the Case is chang'd when death seems nigh.

How sad doth *Dives* look? how deep he groans,
 His Mammon God, now will not hear his cries;
 Money and Friends now answer not his moans,
 For all his wealth, he trembles, faints and dies.

The greatest Lord and Prince must now submit,
 Crowns, Titles, Money will not ease his pain;
 Forced repentance seems to have some wit,
 Preachers may speak now without proud disdain.

He calls for Mercy, he forgiveth all,
 Instead of Fire and Sword, he speaks for Peace,
 His wit revives as Flesh and Strength do fall,
 Not from a Holy change, but for his ease.

Now he talks how he'd live, when life's nere gone,
 He seemeth wise, and promiseth to mend;
 He thinks what Time is for, when time is done,
 Begins to think of living at his end.

Might

Might he be sav'd now for a frightned wifh,
 VVhen guilt and terrour caufe his heart to faint,
 VVhen worldly pleasures all forfake his flefh,
 He'd have the end and portion of a Saint.

Now take an Inventory of his VVealth,
 This Corps was once the Body of a Man;
 It liv'd in Pleasure, Honour, Ease and Health,
 Goes Naked hence, as Naked Life began.

That frightful Earthly Face was wont to smile,
 And with proud Scorn on hated Persons frown;
 It Comely seem'd, which now is Black and Vile,
 That its the fame, can hardly now be known.

Those closed Eyes, the Cafements were of Lust,
 There enter'd VVorldly Vanity and Sin,
 That Mouth, those Lips that now must Rot to
 Have taken many a pleasant Morfel in. (Dust,

That Throat, his Fellow-Creatures did Devour,
 Made Sumptuous Feasts his Body to maintain,
 With pleasant Liquors, many a merry Hour,
 He did exhilarate both Heart and Brain.

Those Ears have heard, Jests, Plays and Melody,
 Mens flattering Praise, and many a merry Song,
 The welcome news of their Calamity,
 Whom Wrath and Malice did delight to Wrong.
 That

That Mouth hath utter'd many a merry Jeast,
 Vain Worldly talk, Strife, News & feigned Story,
 Oaths, Lies and wanton Speeches, were its Feast,
 Threats, and proud Boasts, & Scorning were its
 (Glory.

That Nose delighted was with pleasant smell.
 That Black & Sallow Skin was smooth & white;
 On Eyes and Countenance did Grandure dwell,
 The Just did flie; the Poor crouch'd at his sight,
 (Joints,

Those Limbs could move; those Hands had nimble
 The Corps which now lies Dead, did Ride & Run,
 All did perform what Lust and Pride appoints,
 Many successful Actions he hath done.

(hatch'd,
 Many deep Plodding Thoughts that Brain hath
 How to grow Rich, & Great, & have his VVill,
 For Means and Seasons, he hath wisely watch'd,
 All his Desires and Pleasure to fulfil.

(sight,
 And now what's left? To keep him from Mens
 A Shroud and Coffin's all that he must have,
 And these unknown, afford him no delight,
 But serve their turn, who bring him to a Grave.
 (fures?

But where's his Money, Honours, Lands & Trea-
 Left to his Heirs, lest they should wiser be,
 That the strong Snare of fleshly worldly plea-
 May tempt them all to Live and Die as he. (fures,
 But

But where is *Dives*'s Soul? Christ saith, In Hell:
 But his Five Brethren will not this believe:
 Christ will not lie: And who can better tell:
 But Satan thus Successors doth deceive.

What hath he taken hence of all his Gains?
 Gods Wrath: The Guilt & Conscience of his Sin:
 But not one drop to ease Tormenting Pains:
 Will all his Honours, Lands and Riches win.

A Preacher tells his Brethren what Christ saith:
 He's charg'd of Slandering so great a Man:
 A Goal, and Scorn, is the success he hath:
 Convince proud, wilful, Sinners, no one can.

And is not this a doleful *Bedlam*-Case,
 When all a Rich Mans pleasure with him Dies?
 His Brethren madly follow the same Chase,
 At the same time, while he in Torment lies.

He's paying for his long Contempt of Grace;
 They build his Tomb, and celebrate his Fame;
 He'd have them warn'd, & not come to that place;
 They praise his Doings, and keep up his Name.

Could one at once, but see them & their Brother;
 Him in his Torment; them in their Delight;
 How unlike are their Thoughts to one another:
 One Groans for that, for which the others fight.

Faith

Faith sees all this: But Flesh and Sense is blind :
 These Bruits believe no more than what they see :
 One from the Dead sent could not change their
 But it by sense too late, will changed be. (mind ;

God gives Men Life: They'll not consider why: (do,
 Time's short : Fools know not what they have to
 Nor think why they were Born, till they must Die,
 Nor whither their departing Souls must go.

They Live, as if they thought that Heaven & Hell
 Were the only places of Consideration,
 And to be Drunk, or Mad, were to be well :
 And fool away this Life of Preparation,

D IV. Hypo-

IV. Hypocrisie.

But none are worse than Learned Reverend
Who vend their folly under wisdoms name,
And are Abaddons keenest hurtful Tools,
By Usurp'd Grandure, and Religious Fame.

Who Teach Untruths, or Live not as they Teach,
Pretend to watch for other Mens Salvation,
And hate the Holy Life, for which they Preach,
And as a Trade, Preach their own Condemnation.

Who against Christ do fight with Sacred Arms;
His Name, & Words, Church-order, forg'd Commissions,
And Reverend Titles, are made potent Charms,
To win the Ignorant to their Conditions.

They praise Gods word, but make it first their
The words are Gods, the Church must make the sense,
Its no Law, till their Sentence make it known,
Not their meer Teaching by Truths Evidence.

Religion

Religion they corrupt by forg'd Traditions,
 They think Gods Laws too big, & yet make more,
 Alls not enough without their vain Additions,
 Religion was an Infant-thing before.

And under Christ, the Churches only Head,
 Th' have found one King, or one Church-Parliament,
 Whose Sovereign Rule the Christian World must dread,
 And all that will be Saved, must Consent.

(Earth,

This Sovereigns Kingdom is the whole round
 The Lands where they can never have Access;
 From it their Canon-Law receiv'd its Birth,
 To which they all obedience profess.

But the false name of Councils-General,
 Is now a Cheat to serve the Roman-King, (call?
 Where are those Councils whence who must them
 Who them from all the Earth together bring.

Could not our Lord without all this ado;
 Have made sufficient Universal Law,
 But our Religion must have so much new,
 Which th' ancient Christians never heard, or saw.

Communion's made Subjection by this Cheat,
 None can be Sav'd that are not Canon-proof;
 Obey them, or they'l say you Separate,
 They Build the Church, beginning at the Roof.

Thus can the Flesh such Learned Men deceive,
And make them love their Enemies as Friends,
And rule their Faith, and make them all believe,
That all is good, which serves their Worldly Ends?

How Wise and Holy should that Person be,
Whose Daily Business is to search Gods Law;
Who should in Heavenly Pleasure Live, but he,
That Heaven and Hell, as in a Map, still saw.

Doth Pride and Envy, bitter Strife and Wrath,
Church Tyranny, or Hatred of the Good,
Become that Man, who such an Office hath,
To Preach Gods Love, Seal'd with Christs Flesh &
(Blood.

What is his Calling, but Souls to Convert,
And Build them up in Faith and Love with Peace,
In what Art should he rather be expert,
Then to breed Love, and Hurtfulness suppress.

If he love Christ, he'll gently feed his Sheep.
Cherish and Love the good, strengthen the weak,
The Flock from Wolves & hurtful Beasts he'll keep,
And not against the Just and Upright speak.

Self-contradicting is a Madmans mark,
Judge then what these Malignant Preachers are,
Self-damning, Self-confuting, in the dark,
Heart, Tongue & Hand, are in a constant War.
They're

They are Church-Shepherds, & yet hurtful Wolves;
 They Preach for Love to Foes, yet hate Christs Friends;
 Preach Life to others, choole Death to themselves;
 Heavenly words they speak, for Worldly Ends.

(be,
 They Pray, that Gods great Name may Hallowed
 Which they profane, by pleading it for Evil;
 They Pray, as if Christs Kingdom they would see,
 But mean their own, that's ruled by the Devil.

They hate Gods Will, & Pray it may be done,
 Ev'n as it is in Heaven: A high degree!
 Yet if one plead Gods Will against their own;
 Who's hated more, or used worse than he.

They Pray for Daily Bread; for Life & Health:
 But without Plenty are not satisf'd:
 But seek Preferment, Fulness, Rule & Wealth;
 And grudg if Fleshly Lust be but deny'd.

The' ask pardon of the Sin they Love & Cherish:
 And that but as themselves forgive another,
 Yet to fear God, Sin, Hell, as loath to perish,
 They'l not forgive to a dissenting Brother.

They pray God not to lead them to Temptation;
 Yet tempt themselves, & love most tempting things.
 Strong baits of Flesh are their chief consolation,
 Greedy of all that deadly pleasure brings.

They ask deliverance from all that's ill,
Yet Sin the worst, they love and will not leave.
They ask, what's full against their Vicious Will,
That which God offers, and they'll not receive.

They seem to own a God : They Preach his Law,
But Man and Flesh must be before him serv'd.
The World's more lov'd, of Man th'are more in
As if God but the Tongue & Knee deserv'd. (awe;

The Image is their God, and hath the Heart,
God's made an Image, and hath but the name.
Religion is with them meer *Form* and *Art*,
Kept up for Peace, by Custom, Fear & Shame.

Christ is their Saviour call'd ; their King & Lord,
To Preach his Grace and Glory is their Trade.
But to be Sav'd from Lust & Sin, 's Abhor'd,
And he an Underling to Flesh is made.

They say they do believe the Holy Ghost ;
But his refining work will not be born,
A Fleishly Worldly Life doth please them most,
The *Spirits* Name & Work some make a Scorn.

And yet for *Holiness*, who hath more Zeal ?
Meaning grear Names, & Interest of their own :
They against *Sacrilege* to God appeal,
As it would Rob their Flesh, and it Dethrone.

Its none to hurt Christs Flock, withhold their
 His Faithful Ministers to Alienate, (Food,
 Nor feed proud Flesh with what belongs to God,
 All's Holy that to it is Dedicate.

Religion ends with them as it begun,
 They were Baptiz'd, and made the Sacred Vow:
 But this was by a strange Godfather done,
 Its with great Grief that I must tell you how.

Its known an Infant hath no *Will* to choose .
 The Parents Will and Choice do stand for his.
 Till he be capable his own to use,
 He in the Power of his Parents is.

And God obligeth Christians to devote
 Themselves and Theirs, in Covenant, to Christ,
 This he accepts, as many Scriptures note,
 The Parent being Dedicated first.

But now some other doth the Parents part,
 Vows for the Child, and its due Education;
 And (though he never meant it in his heart)
 To see it Taught all needful to Salvation.

Atheists, and Infidels, and Sadduces,
 Their Children are all freely taken in,
 If they have but such Godfathers as these,
 Baptism is said to save them all from Sin.

Men forbid Parents Godfathers to be,
 And Ministers their presence to require,
 Foreign Kings stand for those they never see,
 Poor Men get such as they for Money hire.

Parents these Undertakers do not ask,
 Will you these Vows and Promises perform?
 Baptismal Vows are made a formal task;
 Thus they began: Thus Men Christs Laws re-
 (form.

Thus Christians by false Ceremony made,
 Religion's made a Ceremony now,
 Not minding what Suborn'd Men Vow'd or said,
 They boldly break what others falsely Vow'd.

And when in Play & Sin their Childhood's spent,
 For Canting a few words, not understood,
 Mindless what Faith is, or their Baptism meant,
 Confirm'd, they boldly claim Christs Flesh and
 (Blood.

A Lifeless Image being thus receiv'd,
 More Forms and Ceremonies it adorn,
 And Hypocrites by Shadows thus deceiv'd,
 The unknown Holy Life do Hate and Scorn.

Thus Life is fool'd away, till Death seem near,
 Which doth disrobe their splendid cheating Sins,
 But to ease Conscience waken'd now by fear,
 Forc'd Penitence Mans Absolution wins.

And

And at the Grave, when Men as bad as he,
 Do hear that God in Mercy took his Soul;
 And Charity for this hope pleaded be, (whole
 False hopes which should be broken, are kept

Thus Sinners are befooled till time is done,
 From first to last spent in Hypocrisie;
 And endless sorrow when all hope is gone,
 Tell them what Mercy they did long deny.

Yet still the reverend Masters of the Game,
 Cherish the Malady with Zeal and Art;
 Being themselves diseased by the same,
 By mortal habit both of Head and Heart.

Tradition, Ceremony, Pomp and Rule,
 A humane Image without Divine Life;
 By Pharisees was used as the tool,
 Of self-deceit, and of malignant strife.

Dead Saints they honour'd, and the living kill'd,
 The Dead molest them not by their reproof;
 Their Relicks, Days, and Monuments they held,
 In their Devotion as of great behoof.

Yet none were fiercer Enemies of Christ,
 Nor did his Truth and Servants more oppose;
 None with more Zeal for Holy Blood did thirst,
 None did more mischief to the Church than these.
 Wolves

Wolves in Sheeps cloathing, by their Fruits are
 By hurtful fangs, devouring bloody jaws, (known,
 As Thorns and Bryars, prick Men to the Bone,
 So these by hurtful Hands and cruel Laws:

They'r humble Ministers, but Rule as Lords,
 Servants of all, yet Vice-Kings under Christ:
 On pain of Hell, all must obey their words,
 If you will serve God, you must serve them first.

(doubt,

Heav'ns Keys are theirs, their right we must not
 To curse and cast out those whom Christ takes in,
 These they by words, themselves indeed shut out,
 By mortal fleshly, and malignant Sin.

Christ's House a place of Merchandize is made,
 Children cast out, his Table spread for Dogs;
 To make sound Christians odious is their Trade,
 To curse Gods Saints, & cast their Pearls to Hogs.

The Holy *Catholick Church*, is in their Creed,
 Which is, *all true Believers upon Earth*;
 Of whom Christ only is the *King and Head*,
 To him they joyned are in the New Birth.

But these Men mean one corrupt Sect alone,
 About the Fourth Part of the whole are they;
 Cut off, and separate from the rest as none,
 Their Pope and Councils that do not obey.

The

The *Saints Communion* they in words profess
 Themselves, and Dead Mens Images they mean;
 None pass for Saints who do not wear their dress,
 The best, if not their Subjects are unclean.

Call them but Hereticks, and they may kill,
 A Thousand Saints, and by it Heaven may win;
 Such is the Power of a Papal will,
 To make a Vertue of the greatest Sin,

On *Catholick Communion*, they lay,
 Not only all Mens Duty, but Salvation;
 For *Schism* rends Men from the Church, say they,
 And so from Christ, & therefore brings damnation.

Yet that's Mans Duty which they *Schism* call,
 To own no human universal King;
 No Legislative Power over all,
 In Councils, Pope, or any human thing.

None's capable to Rule all, but the Lord,
 Give Church or State, Law, Judgment or Defence;
 Mans *Universal Sovereignty* 's abhor'd,
 By Nature, Reason, and Experience.

Among the Mad, those Princes Monsters are,
 Who subjects be to this Church-Sovereigns claim;
 And yet with Scorn, and just disdain would hear,
 A *Universal Civil Sovereigns* Name.

VWhen

VWhen certainly it is a harder thing,
 To Rule all Earth, by the Church-power & word;
 Than for the wisest Parliament or King,
 To Rule the whole world by the Civil Sword.

Thus they impossible Communion make,
 And yet Damn all that do not it observe:
 None can tell whom for Sovereign we must take,
 Nor which the Laws are, from which none must
 (swerve.

Must Pope or Council, this Great Sovereign be,
 Is't Monarchy, or Aristocracie;
 Or is it mixt, and must they both agree,
 Or is it the diffus'd Democracie?

(choose,
 Whom must we take for Pope? Who must him
 Which is the Pope, when there are two or three?
 Must they that give the Power which they use,
 Superiors, Equals, or Inferiors be?

When one at *Rome*, one at *Avignon* was,
 And each a Council had which took his part;
 Which for the true Communion then must pass,
 Which was the Church from which none must de-
 (part?

Must all th' *Abassians*, and *Armenians* know,
 (And in Cosmography so Skilful be,) *Whither*
Whither there's such a place as *Rome* or no,
Whither there be a Pope, and which is he?

Is't the whole Church on Earth that he must rule,
 Why then hath not the whole a choosing Vore?
 Is all the world save Rome, but the Popes Mule,
 And that his Crown's Elective all do Note?

Its like, that all the Church consents, they'l say,
 Then he's no Pope whom three 4th parts disclaim,
 How shall three parts then know whom to obey?
 Will any serve that will usurp the Name?

(all,
 When Popes damn Popes, & Councils damn them
 And Popes damn Councils; what must Christians
 When they each others Laws damn & recal, (do?
 How shall we know whose Power then was true?

The French say Councils have this Sovereignty,
 The first Three Hundred Years it was not so;
 The Sovereign Power, the Church doth Unifie,
 Was it then none, or how could Men it know?

An Universal Council never was,
 'Twas but one Empire that did make that name;
 Now that's dissolv'd, how should it come to pass?
 That any Prince on Earth should do the same.

Hath any one the common Rule of all,
 Or will Turks, Papists, and all Kings agree?
 Such a true Council, when and where to call,
 Or can one third part Universal be?

The

The Church of Councils Power is not agreed,
 Therefore this doth not it now unite:
 Those that stand for their Sovereignty indeed,
 Which were those Councils differ shamefully?

Some say for four, some six, some eight, some all,
 Some such as by the Pope approved were,
 Divers each other Hereticks did call,
 And which we must obey cannot appear.

And is Church Unity no better known,
 And yet is necessary to Salvation?
 And to all those that Christ himself will own?
 What follows hence, but general Damnation?

An Universal Council none shall see,
 Till the world have an Universal King;
 This the Triple-Crown'd Pope pretends to be,
 Though not the name, he challengeth the thing.

The poor Fifth Monarchy Seekers, they pity,
 As seeking that which long hath extant bin:
 No Monarch ever matcht the Holy City,
 By his Church Keys, thus rules the Man of Sin.

And if we knew which Powers to obey,
 Which be the Canons, which so needfull are?
 If some, who knows them, if all, then are they.
 More necessary than Gods Scriptures far.

Christ

Christ hath the Terms of Church-Communion made,
 These wiser Men, who make so many more,
 Will shortly find their *Legislative* trade,
 Among their greatest Sins set on their Score.

Baptism Christ made, what was thereto requir'd?
 The Church still knew, & by Gods mercy knows,
 The words then us'd, the requisites desir'd,
 Scripture and sure Tradition fully shews.

The Church by Baptism was specify'd,
 Christ did command all such to love each other,
 Holy Communion was to none deny'd,
 All were to take a Christian as a Brother.

Till by some Heresie or great offence,
 He brought his Covenant-keeping under doubt;
 And having added prov'd impenitence,
 Was not so much cast as declared out.

None were Baptized into *Papal* Name,
 Much less to General Council, or the Pope;
 They had one God, one Christ, their Creed the
 One Spirit, Body, and one future hope. (same,

But as the Serpent tempting Eve at first,
 By Pride and promis'd knowledg did Man kill;
 So from the pure simplicity of Christ,
 By promis'd Wisdom, he befools Man Still.

To

To know this Subject better, read a Book,
Call'd the remains of *Fulk, Greivile, Lord Brook.*

V. Man.

Vain Man! Why is thy Being no more known,
Why seeking knowledg readst thou not thy self?
How many books in vain dost thou take down?
Thy own Book standeth on the nearest Shelf.

Should vital knowing Spirits cloath'd in Flesh,
Mistake so Course, a Garment for the Man?
And live as if they did not hope or wish,
For any other Life than this short Span.

If Cloathing hide thee from thy Neighbours sight,
Let it not hide thee also from thine own;
Look on thy self, thy Nature is a Light,
Shall knowing Souls be to themselves unknown.

Now know thy self before thou art undrest,
And tho through flesh Men cannot see thy heart;
Open thy Eyes, unveil thy Face at least,
That Men may see thou hast a better part.

How

How vile a thing is Man, if *Flesh* be *he*?
 Can he look high who thinks himself so base?
 His brutish sleepy Thoughts and Life must be,
 A dreaming, doating, or despairing Case.

Where was that *Flesh* one Year before thy birth?
 What is it now but warmed moving Clay?
 What will it be e're long but common Earth?
 To this thy Pomp and Pleasure is the way.

Where did Gods Art that curious Body form?
 As in a Dunghil, even in Natures sink,
 Though Skin and Cloathing now do it Adorn;
 'Twas bred between the Dung and Urins stink.

What was it made of, but the Mothers Food?
 Curdled and quickned by the Makers pow'r,
 And there it lay in darkness, filth, and blood;
 Unmeet for sight till Births appointed hour.

In pain and danger then it is brought forth,
 A speechless, helpless, and polluted thing;
 Ent'ring the World with crying at its Birth,
 Foretelling greater griefs which time will bring.

How long by patient Mothers care and love,
 Doth feeble, useless, troubling Age subsist;
 Should Man continue such, we could not prove,
 That he in kind is better than a Beast.

Long do these unripe fleshly Bodies keep,
 The Soul from shewing its essential Power;
 Sense Rules, while Reason lyeth half asleep,
 Vain toys and folly, spend our Childish hours.

By use and prepossession flesh gets strength,
 Resisting Light, and all that's Wise and Holy;
 Till Reason be its servile slave at length,
 And greatest Wit become the greatest Folly.

Then Carnal Man lives like a crafty Beast,
 Only to pamper Flesh and please its Lust;
 To make the Worms and Hell a costly Feast,
 When Souls must part and leave Flesh to the Dust.

If Flesh be Man, how many Men are one,
 From Birth to Death, when as the Rivers flow?
 Daily new Flesh succeeds that which is gone,
 And none is what he was one Year ago.

That beauteous Face, that pamper'd Body stood,
 But lately on thy Table as thy Meat;
 'Twas Mutton, Bief, Pork, Chicken, or such Food;
 What now thou art, is what thou then didst eat.

Part of a Fish, a Swine, a Calf or Lamb,
 Is turn'd into a Lady, Lord or King;
 This Metamorphosis of Beast to Man,
 Is surely done by some great unseen thing.

Yea

Yea all of Man that's seen did lately grow;
 In Fields, and that was Corn, or Fruit, or Grass;
 Which now is Flesh, or from the Springs did flow,
 To shew what Flesh *will be*, by what it was.

Vain Man! knowst thou no deeper than thy Skin?
 Go see an open Corpse, and that will shew,
 What Garbage Filth and Dung are hid Within,
 What thy vile Body is, thou there maist know.

Think that thy noisome stinking Excrement,
 Is one part of that Sumptuous Pleasant Food;
 Whose other part a while of better scent,
 Is turned into that proud Flesh and Blood.

If yet deceitful Beauty cheat thy Eyes,
 Look on a Face that's crusted with the Pocks;
 Or a white Breast where stinking Cancers rise,
 And pity fools whom Fleshly Pleasure mocks.

If Health, Wealth, Pomp, or Pow'r, delude thy
 Go to the greatest dying sick Mans Bed, (mind,
 Ask him what safety he in these doth find?
 Yea, go yet further, look upon the Dead.

Here much unlike to what it was before,
 Is that now loathsome Flesh, that ghastly Face;
 What hath it now of all its Power and Store,
 Remember this must shortly be thy Case:

How long the sight and scent can you abide,
Of your Dead, greatest, wisest, dearest Friend?
Unless some Art the frightful Visage hide,
And from the smell your tender Sense defend.

We can devise no better a dispose,
Of dearest Friends, than a deep darksome Grave;
Where to lie rotting we may them repose,
The living from their sight and scent to save.

The worms without repulse there feasted be,
They feed on Heart and Face without offence;
What pamp'rd Bodies are, there you may see,
If you dig up that Corps a few Months hence.

But though what's out of sight, grows out of mind,
Pictures and gilded Tombs, are also set,
The senseless Hearts of Men further to blind;
That what Flesh is they may the more forget.

Yet the next opened Grave casts up in sight
The Skull, whose holes of Eyes & Mouth you see,
Where enter'd formerly the dear delight,
Think then, thus shortly it will be with me.

The harmless pretty Bird with Pleasure sings,
Not so deform'd in Life or Death as we;
The cruel Bowels of great Lords and Kings,
To her an honourable Tomb may be.

Save

Save that to be devoured by bad Men,
Turns guiltless things into a guilty wight;
And makes them sinful, and more fetide than,
If they had rotted in the open light.

The labouring Ant less burdensome Flesh hath,
Thousands in peace in one stor'd heap can dwell;
In peace by crowds they travel the same path,
And being dead annoy none by their smell.

The working Bees in peace together live,
Fetching their Hony home from many Flowers;
Dwelling in quiet order in one Hive,
But Man destroys them and their store devours.

God who by Nature gives them flying Wings,
And their rare mellifying power gave;
Doth give them also their defensive Stings,
Their House, and Young, and Property to save,

Men kill them, and eat up their gathered Food,
But make the like no King, no Artift can;
Their *Work*, yea their dead Corps, are sweet & good
But sweetest things corrupt and stink in Man.

How swiftly do th. unwearied Swallows flee,
And mount, and sport, even to an unseen height;
Their active fiery part is quick and free,
Not clog'd as Men are by a fleshly weight.

The mounted Lark hovering with nimble wings,
 Dwells above Earth till strength and spirits fail ;
 And peering towards the Sun, she sweetly sings,
 But falls down mute when earthly parts prevail.

Some say, all motion tends to ceasing rest,
 Of Earths forc't lifeless motion this is true ;
 To *Spirits perfect Action* is the best,
 Uncessant *Love* and *Pleasure* is their *due*.

Experience sadly tells Man, that his Soul
 Is clog'd by Flesh, perverted by its bent,
 So that dark heathens did its case condole,
 As for old Sins into this Body sent.

Did not Gods Holy Spirit quicken ours,
 And cause us unseen things by Faith to see ;
 Renew and raise our dead corrupted powers,
 None could from *Flesh, Lust, Sin, Hell*, saved be.

Flesh is not Sin, its made for Holy use,
 In it Souls here must seek and serve the Lord ;
 But its the tempting object of abuse,
 While we its Life and Lust too much regard.

The Body as a Servant we must love,
 But Souls have Sense, and Sense to Flesh is ty'd ;
 And so drawn down from God and things above,
 The Soul that hath not Faith is brutify'd.

The Interest of Flesh perverts the *will*,
 It conquers Reason, and corrupts the Mind,
 No other Enemy doth so much ill,
 To *self-destroying, perishing Mankind*.

ANd now oh Man, is Flesh all that thou art?
 Worthy of all thy stir, and cost, and care,
 Live not as if thou hadst no better part,
 Mens Souls like God, and Kin to Angels are.

Even Bruits have Souls possest of Life and Sense,
 Made to serve Man, who's made his God to praise;
 Whither *Distinct* or *One*, when taken hence,
 Subject to us, whom God will higher raise.

What's Flesh but Water mixt with senseless Earth?
 Viler than dirt, when Souls a while are gone,
 It's unseen Spirit which causeth Life and Birth,
 This moveth all that's mov'd, doth all that's done.

Mans Soul is made the Image of his God,
Substantial Virtue of *Life, Light, and Love*.
 And though in Flesh it now have its abode,
 Its tendency is to the world above.

It came from God, and unto God returns,
 Though in this Flesh its Life of Tryal be;
 It daily waists the Oyl, as Fire that burns,
 Consumes its Fuel, and then is set free.

As flames mount upward, Souls tow'rd Heav'n
 And are still restless till they be at home, (ascend,
 If Sin depress them not, tow'rd God they tend,
 Blessed and joyful, when to him they come.

As things Inanimate, are rul'd by force,
 By Sense and Objects, Bruits determined be;
 Both these are carried on in Natures course,
 Mans will more undetermin'd is, and free.

Bruits are not Ruled by a Moral Law.
 Nor moved by the hopes of Life to come;
 Nor of Gods Threats and Justice stand in awe,
 Nor after Death fear any other Doom.

Man's made in his degree to know the Lord,
 To know his Duty, and to please Gods will;
 To learn and love, trust and obey his word,
 In hope of Heav'n, his course here to fulfil.

God is Mans supreme King, his Guid, his End,
 His Soul and Life should have no other scope;
 From Sin and Devils, God will his defend,
 In Life and Death, God is our only hope.

You see not whither Souls departing go,
 But Heav'n and Hell are visible to Faith;
 God hath reveal'd enough to make us know,
 That all shall be performed which he saith.

We no more need to fear his word should fail,
 Or God forsake the Souls that do him please,
 Or any final Hurt, Christ's Flock assail,
 Than Earth to bear, or Sun to shine should cease.

Is not a Sober, Righteous, Holy Life,
 In certain hope of everlasting Joys,
 Better than Sin, Despair, Care, Fear and Strife,
 For short decentful pleasant Dreams and Toys.

IF yet blind Man, thou thinkst thou art a Beast,
 And hast no higher Hopes & Work to mind,
 Become a Tame, and gentle One, at least,
 Not of the wild, fierce, hurtful, bloody Kind.

Serpents, & Toads, & Wolves, are harmless things,
 Yea Lions, Tigers, and such Beasts of Prey,
 Compar'd with many Conquerors and Kings,
 Who do Ten Thousand fold more hurt than they.

If this short Fleishly pleasure be thy best,
 What need of Wars & Blood, Rage & debate,
 Sweet Love, and quiet Peace, afford more rest,
 Than Pow'r & Wealth, with hurtful Plots & Hate.

What need of large Dominions, to prepare
 For Dying Pangs, a Coffin, and a Grave:
 Quiet, Content, and Kindness, fitter are,
 Thy Neighbours welfare, & thy own to save.

But

But of all Beasts, the *Man-Beast* is the worst,
To others, and himself, the cruellest Foe,
And turning Serpent, doth become Accurst,
A Scurge to others, his own endless Woe.

As Holiness fits Souls for endless Bliss,
And here hath its beginning and foretast;
So Sin the Plague of *Un-man's* Nature is,
And turns *Man-Beast* to *Devil* at the last.

If all Men made themselves, & are their own,
And have no Ruler but Self-will and Sense;
If Man be nothing else but Flesh and Bone,
Can live here still, and say, *Please not go hence*;

If Man can Conquer God, and him Dethrone,
Kill Christ again, and shut up Paradise;
Then Saints are Fools, and Worldly Men alone,
Choosing a *Shadow* and *Despair*, are wise.

But sure if Man be only Mortal Flesh,
A Squib, a Bubble, a vile Earthy Clod,
He never will have *Pow'r*, what e're he wish,
To save himself, by overcoming God.

But Heav'n is quite above Malignant Powers,
Our Peace & Safety's far above their reach.
Christ's Kingdom is not of this World, nor ours,
It's unseen Blessedness which he did Preach.

There

There Holy Spirits free from Sin and Fear,
 From Cruel Tyrants, Devils, Death and Hell,
 The sweet Celestial Melody still hear,
 In perfect Light and Love together dwell.

There's no dark Error, no perplexing doubt,
 No Selfish Envy, Strife or Discontent ;
 All hurtful troubling things are there shut out,
 No Wrathful Sting, no Malice, no Dissent.

Numberless Numbers there, are all but One,
 Of the same Body, each a Member is,
 Each hath his due degree and place, but none
 A Selfish separated part of Bliss.

All have one God, one Head, one Vital Spirit;
 All Love God with one Love; and all Rejoice
 With one Joy: All one Kingdom do Inherit,
 All sweetly sing Gods Praise, as with one Voice.

True Unity with Difference well Accords,
 And makes up Beauty & Consort; though there
 Self, Numbers, Many, and such parting words,
 Have not the same dividing sence as here.

Thus hath *one Soul* more than *one Faculty*,
 One Sun; each sort of Life, Three formal Powers;
 Some Image of the Divine Trinity;
 But none on Earth so excellent as ours.

And

And as in *Being*, so in more respects,
 Unity doth with Number well agree,
 Many Concauses have the same effects,
 Yea all Gods Creatures *One* and *Many* be.

So divers Fruits are but parts of one Tree;
 And every Tree is Rooted in one Ground:
 All Grounds of this One Earth but parcels be,
 This Earth a small part of the World is found.

Souls are unseen, and so their Union is,
 Many united Individuals,
 Their distinct persons make some think amiss,
 That they are incoherent Integrals.

God only hath a perfect Unity,
 Of the same World, some Blest, some Cursed be,
 Some Union stands with great Diversity,
 Apples and Crabs may grow on the same Tree.

Blest Union is of Good-things near of Kin,
 To things Discordant Union causeth pain;
 An aking Tooth is better out than in,
 To lose a Rotting Member is a Gain.

The nearest Fuel is Consum'd by Fire.
 Gods Wrath is near the Wicked, to destroy.
 To Holy Souls, who Gods Love most desire,
 He is their full and everlasting Joy.

Ten Thousand Stars and Candles give one Light,
 Concordant Sounds make one sweet Melody.
 Two Ears, One hearing Cause, Two Eyes, One
 But Light & Darkness have no Unity. (Sight;

Here Wicked Men are every where in Wars :
 Men against Men, as Tigers fiercely Rave :
 Our Minds, & Wills, & Passions, have their Jars;
 Our Souls and Bodies Mortal Discords have.

Though Life be short, & Death is at the Door,
 Impatient Foes think posting Time too slow,
 They grudg to let us live a few Days more,
 Revenge and Malice long to give the Blow.

But Heav'n hath no such work : there's no such
 Nothing is there, the Blessed to Annoy; (Mens.
 With Christ & Angels Holy Soul shall then;
 Praise God in perfect Life, Light, Love & Joy!

Amen, Decemb. 17. 1682.

VI. The

VI. The Exit.

MY Soul go boldly forth,
 Forfake this Sinful Earth,
 What baith it bin to thee
 But Pain and Sorrow,
 And thinkst thou it will be
 Better to Morrow?

Love not this Darksome Womb,
 Nor yet a Gilded Tomb,
 Though on it Written be
 Mortal Mens Story,
 Look up by Faith, and see
 Sure Joyful Glory.

Why art thou for Delay,
 Thou cam'st not here to stay?
 What tak'st thou for thy part,
 But Heav'nly pleasure?
 Where then should be thy Heart,
 But where's thy Treasure?

Thy

Thy God, thy Head's above,
 There is the World of Love;
 Mansions there purchas'd are,
 By Christs own Merit,
 For these he doth prepare
 Thee by his Spirit.

Look up towards Heav'n, and see
 How vast those Regions be,
 Where Blessed Spirits dwell,
 How Pure and Lightful,
 But Earth is near to Hell,
 How Dark and Frightful.

Here Life doth strive with Death,
 To lengthen Mortals Breath;
 Till one short Race be run,
 Which would be ended,
 When it is but begun,
 If not defended.

Here Life is but a Spark,
 Scarce shining in the Dark;
 Life is the Element there,
 Which Souls reside in;
 Much like as Air is here,
 Which we abide in.

Hither thou cam'st from thence :
 The Divine Influence
 In Flesh my Soul did place,
 Among the Living :
 To be of Humane Race,
 Was his free giving.

There I shall know God more :
 There is the Blessed Chöre :
 No Wickedness comes there,
 All there is Holy :
 There is no Grief or Fear,
 No Sin or Folly.

Jerusalem above,
 Glorious in Light and Love,
 Is Mother of us all,
 Who shall enjoy them,
 The Wicked Hell-ward fall,
 Sin will destroy them.

O Blessed Company,
 Where all in Harmony,
Jehovah's Praises Sing,
 Still without ceasing :
 And all Obey their King,
 With perfect pleasing.

(65)

God there is the Saints Rest,
God is their constant Feast;
He doth them Feed and Bless,
With Love and Favour,
Of which they still possess,
The pleasant Savour.

God is Essential Love,
And all the Saints above,
Are like unto him made,
Each in his Measure:
Love is their Life and Trade,
Their constant Pleasure.

Love Flame's in every Breast,
The Greatest and the Least;
Strangers to this sweet Life,
There are not any.
Love leaves no place for Strife;
Makes One of Many.

Each is to other dear,
No Malice enters there;
No Siding Difference;
No Hurt, no Evil;
Because no Ignorance,
No Sin, no Devil.

What Joy must there needs be,

Where all Gods Glory lee,

Feeling Gods Vital Love,

Which still is Burning;

And Flaming God-ward move,

Full Love returning.

SELF makes Contention here,

Love makes all Common there,

There's no Propriety,

Mine is my Brothers

Perfect Community

Makes One's Anothers.

Go out then lingring Soul,

From this Vile Serpents Hole;

Where Bred as in a Sink,

They Hiss and Sting us.

Will not Christ, dost thou think,

To better bring us.

Think not that Heav'n wants more,

Think not that Hell hath more,

If all on Earth were lost;

Earth's scarce one Tittle,

To the vast Heavens: at most,

Exceeding little.

All those Blest Myriads be,
 Lovers of Christ and Thee;
 Angels thy presence with,
 Christ will receive thee;
 Then let not British Flesh
 Fright and Deceive thee.

Gladly my Soul go forth;
 Is Heaven of no more worth,
 Then this Curst Desert is,
 This VWorld of Trouble;
 Prefer Eternal Bliss,
 Before this Bubble.

VVish not still for Delay:
 VVhy wouldst thou longer stay
 From Christ, from Home so far,
 In Self-Denyal:
 And live in longer VVar,
 A Life of Tryal.

Souls Live when Flesh lies Dead:
 Thy Sin is Pardoned;
 VVhen Christ doth Death disarm,
 VVhy art thou fearful;
 And Souls that fear no harm,
 Should pass forth Cheerful.

**Cherish not causeless Doubt,
That God will shut the out:**

**What if he thee assur'd
From Heav'n by Letter :**

**His Son, his Spirit, and VVord.
Have done it better.**

**Hath Mercy made Life sweet:
And is it kind and meet,**

**Thus to draw back from God,
VVho doth Protect thee?**

**Look then for his sharp Rod,
Next to Correct thee?**

**VVhat if Foes should make hast,
Thou wilt the sooner tast**

**VVhat all Blest Souls enjoy,
VVith Christ for ever?**

**VVhere those that thee Annoy,
Shall hurt thee never.**

**Fear not the VVorld of Light,
Though out of Mortal's sight:**

**As if it doubtful were,
For want of seeing:**

**Gross Bodies Vilest are,
And the least Being.**

Vain sinful VVorld farewell ;
 I go where Angels dwell ;
 VVhere Life, Light, Love and Joy,
 Are the Saints Glory :
 Gods Praises there employ
 The Consistory.

Chrift who knows all his Sheep,
 VVill all in safety keep.
 He will not lose his Blood,
 Nor Intercession :
 Nor we the Purchas'd Good
 Of his dear Passion.

I know my God is Just,
 To him I wholly Trust ;
 All that I have, and am,
 All that I hope for :
 Alls sure and seen to him,
 VVhich I here grope for,

Lord Jesus take my Spirit :
 I trust thy Love and Merit :
 Take home this wand'ring Sheep,
 For thou hast sought it :
 This Soul in safety keep,
 For thou hast bought it.

Amen, Decemb. 19. 1682.

The Validation.

1. **V**ain World, what is in thee?

What do poor mortals see

Which should esteemed be,

Worthy their Pleasure?

Is it the Mothers VVomb,

Or Sorrows which soon come,

Or a dark Grave and Tomb

VVhich is their Treasure?

How dost thou Man deceive

By thy vain Glory,

VVhy do they still Believe

Thy false History.

2. Is't Childrens Book and Rod,

The Lab'rer's heavy Load,

Poverty under-trod

The VVorld desireth?

Is it distracting Cares,

Or Heart-tormenting Fears,

Or pineing Grief and Tears,
VWhich Man requireth?

Or is it it Youthful Rage,
Or Childish Toying?

Or is Decrepit Age
VVorth Mans Enjoying?

3. Is it deceitful Wealth,
Got by Care, Fraud, or Stealth,
Or short uncertain Health,
VWhich thus befool Men?

Or do the Serpents Lies,
By the VVorlds Flatteries,
And tempting Vanities,
Still over-rule them?

Or do they in a Dream,
Sleep out their Season?

Or born down by Lukes Stream,
VWhich Conquers Reason.

4. The silly Lambs to day,
Pleasantly Skip and Play,
Whom Butchers mean to Slay,
Perhaps to Morrow:

In a more Brutish sort,
Doe careless Sinners Sport,
Or in dead Sleep still Snort,
As neer to Sorrow.

Till Life, not well begun,
be sadly Ended,

And the Web they have Spun,
Can ne'r be Mended.

5. What is the time that's gone,
And what is that to come?
Is it not now as none,

The present stays not.
Time posteth, Oh how fast
Unwelcome Death makes hast,
None can call back what's past,
Judgment delays not :
Though God bring in the Light,
Sinners awake not,
Because Hells out of Sight,
They Sin forsake not.

6. Man walks in a vain shew,
They know, yet will not know;
Sit still when they should go,

But run for shaddows;
While they might tast and know
The living Streams that flow,
And crop the Flowers that grow
In Christ's sweet Medows.

Life's better slept away,
Than as they use it.

In Sin and Drunken Play,
Vain Men abuse it.

7. Malignant World adieu,
 Where no foul Vice is new,
 Only to Satan true,
 God still offended:
 Though taught and warn'd by God,
 And his Chastising Rod,
 Keeps still the way that's broad,
 Never amended.
 Baptismal Vows some make,
 But ne'r perform them;
 If Angels from Heaven spake,
 'Twould not reform them.

8. They dig for Hell beneath,
 They Labour hard for Death,
 Run themselves out of Breath
 To overtake it.
 Hell is not had for nought,
 Damnation's dearly bought,
 And with great Labour fought,
 They'l not forsake it.
 Their Souls are Satans fee,
 He'l not abate it.
 Grace is refus'd that's free,
 Mad Sinners hate it.

9. Vile Man is so perverse,
 Its too rough work for Verse,

His badness to Rehearse,
 And shew his Folly.
 He'l die at any rates,
 He God and Conscience hates,
 Yet Sin he Consecrates,
 And calls it Holy :
 The Grace he'l not endure,
 Which would renew him :
 Constant to all, and sure,
 Which will undo him.

10. His Head comes first at Birth,
 And takes Root in the Earth,
 As Nature shooteth forth,
 His Feet grow highest :
 To kick at all above,
 And spurn at saving Love ;
 His God is in his Grove,
 Because its nearest
 He loves this World of Grace,
 Hates what would mend it,
 Loves Death that's called Life,
 Fears what would end it.

11. All that is Good he'll rush,
 Blindly on Sin doth rush,
 A Pricking thorny Bush,
 Such Christ was Crown'd with ;

Their Worshipps like to this,
The Reed, the Judas Kisse,
Such the Religion is,

That these abound with.

They mock Christ with the Knee

When e're they bow it;

As if God did not see

The Heart, and know it.

12. Of Good they choose the least,

Despise that which is best,

The joyful Heavenly feast,

Which Christ would give them:

Heav'n hath scarce one cold with,

They live unto the Flesh,

Like Swine they feed on VValth,

Satan doth drive them.

Like weeds they grow in Mire,

VVhich Vices nourish;

VVhere warm'd by Satans Fire,

All Sins do Flourish.

13. Is this the VVorld Men choose,

For which they Heav'n refuse,

And Christ and Grace abuse,

And not receive it.

Shall I not guilty be

Of this in some Degree,

If hence God would me free,
 And I'd not leave it.
 My Soul from *Sodom* flie,
 Lest wrath there find thee :
 Thy Refuge-rest is nigh,
 Look not behind thee.

14. There's none of this adoe,
 None of the Hellish Crew,
 Gods promise is most true,
 Boldly believe it.
 My Friends are gone before,
 And I am neer the Shoor,
 My Soul stands at the Door,
 O Lord receive it.
 It trusts Christ and his Merits,
 The Dead he raises :
 Joyn it with Blessed Spirits,
 Who sing thy Praises.

Jan. 14. 1682³

FINIS.

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Books

Books lately Printed for B. Simmons at
the Three Golden Cocks at the West-end
of St. Pauls, 1683.

MR. Rich. Baxter's Dying Thoughts,
preparatory to his approaching
Change. Octavo.

8 Of the Immortality of Man's Soul,
and the Nature of it, and other Spirits.
Two Discourses. Octavo. By Mr. Baxter.

Truth and Peace promoted : Or, a
Guide for young Christians in the way of
Salvation, past the danger of Errors and
Difficulties of Curiosity. In a familiar
Dialogue between a Minister of Christ,
and a Devout private Christian. Twelves.
By Adam Martindale.

